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MY DINNERS WITH ANDREY

A True Story of the Cold War

the plan called for entrees with the soviet and coffee with the feds—but u.s. intelligence paid the steepest tab

memoir By CARL OGLESBY

FIRST I NOTICED his glossy nails; then his clean, small hands; then the bright-white calling card with the elegant black script that read, ANDREY N. SUVOROV, THIRD SECRETARY OF THE EMBASSY OF THE UNION OF SOVIET SOCIALIST REPUBLICS, WASHINGTON, D.C.

"Let me introduce myself," he said. I turned to see the amused blue eyes of a sturdy man of 30 or 35, well turned out in a soft-gray-wool suit, a blond forelock boyishly draping his wide, pale brow, his cheekbones high, his cheeks rosy.

I looked at his card again. "I'm honored," I said.

He waved his hand and smiled. "Third secretary is nothing," he said. "It is a very junior diplomatic post. I am glorified errand boy. This is just to tell you"—and here he

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cold, fine rain, I was wondering unhappily how to get back to DuPont Circle dry without spending money I didn't have for a cab, hating myself for having decided on impulse to come to this affair. It was a wine-and-cheese reception at a small office with a big name, the National Center for Security Studies, a liberal think tank housed in what had once been a bit of a mansion with curving stairs, white woodwork and blue carpets. But the rooms on the upper floor were tiny and stuffed with files and desks, overheated, now, by the crowd of youngish Washingtonians of the near-left nibbling brie and sipping Chablis and trading bits of political gossip. I among them nibbling, sipping and gossiping and basically doing what I was always doing those days, trying to find support for the organization I helped run, the Assassination Information Bureau. The A.I.B. had been formed in 1973 by a small group of Cambridge writers pushing to reopen the John F. Kennedy and Martin Luther King, Jr., murder cases. We moved the A.I.B. to Washington in 1977 after the House set up the Select Committee on Assassinations. We were a duly certified tax-exempt public-education group, in town as watchdog to the new committee.

There are always lots of little outfits like the A.I.B. in Washington. The pauperized codirectors (such was my title) of the more or less left-wing ones always show up at liberal occasions such as this reception, and the sound of us all crowded together could be depressing. The stomach says to stay home. But then you think, No, this schooling at brie is part of your chosen job; you may get to make a point or a contact or a deal. So, suddenly, you go after all, and you forget your umbrella. The pay-off comes when a young staff aide, commenting on the importance of your work, says, "We think you'd do better with UFOs."

I had gone off to stare in a sulk out the window at the rain, and that was when the tiny glint of a man's well-manicured thumbnail gave me my first inkling of the third secretary.

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